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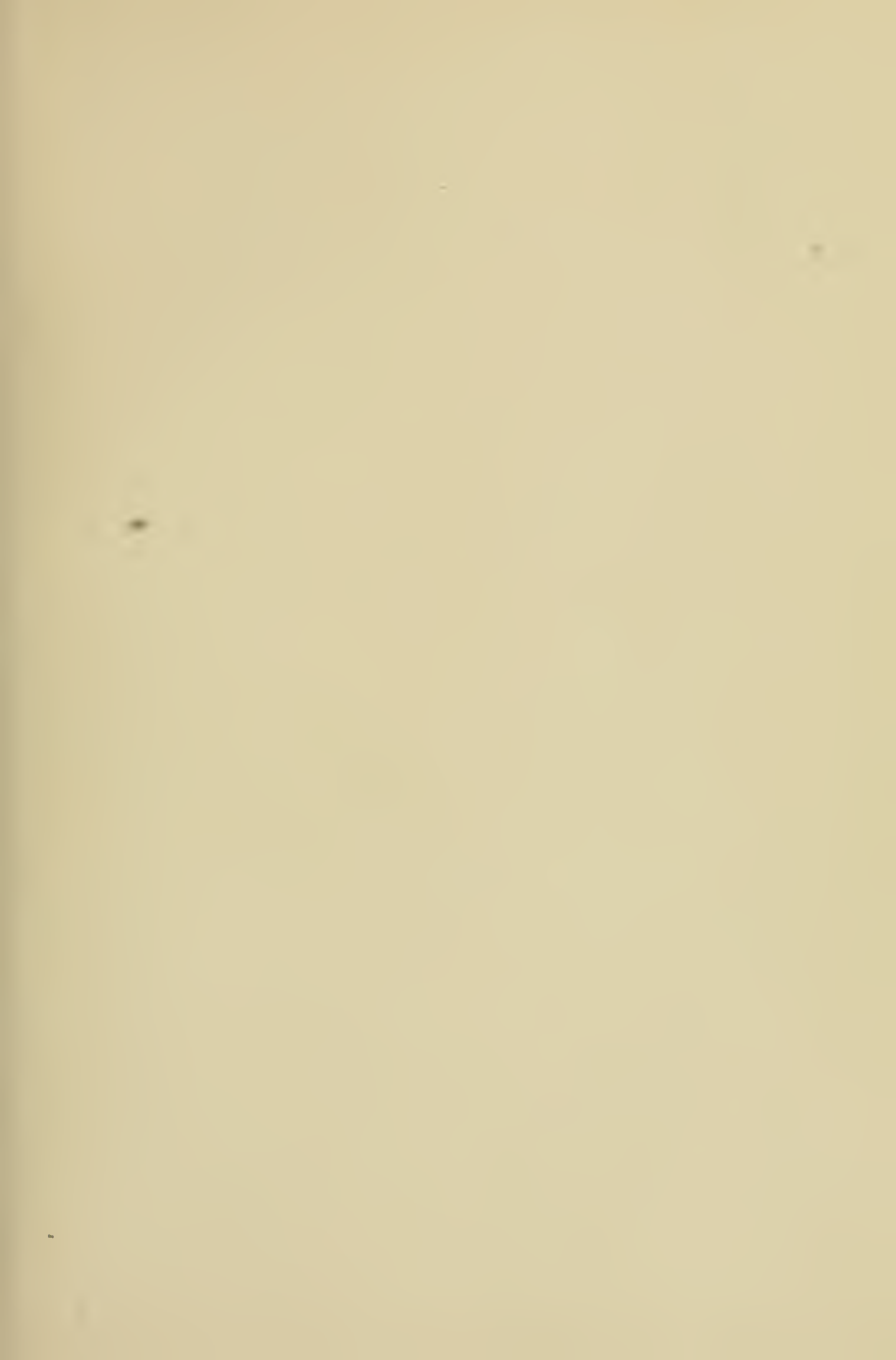




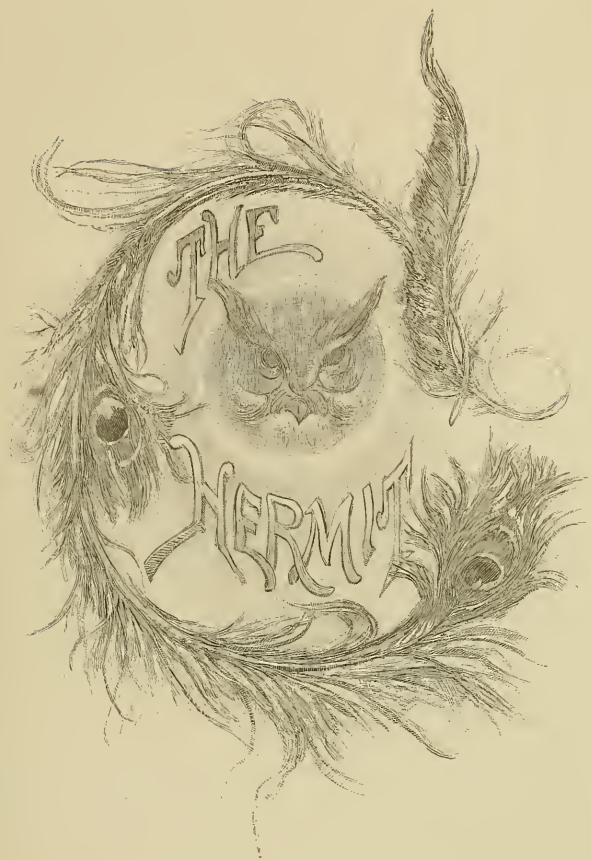


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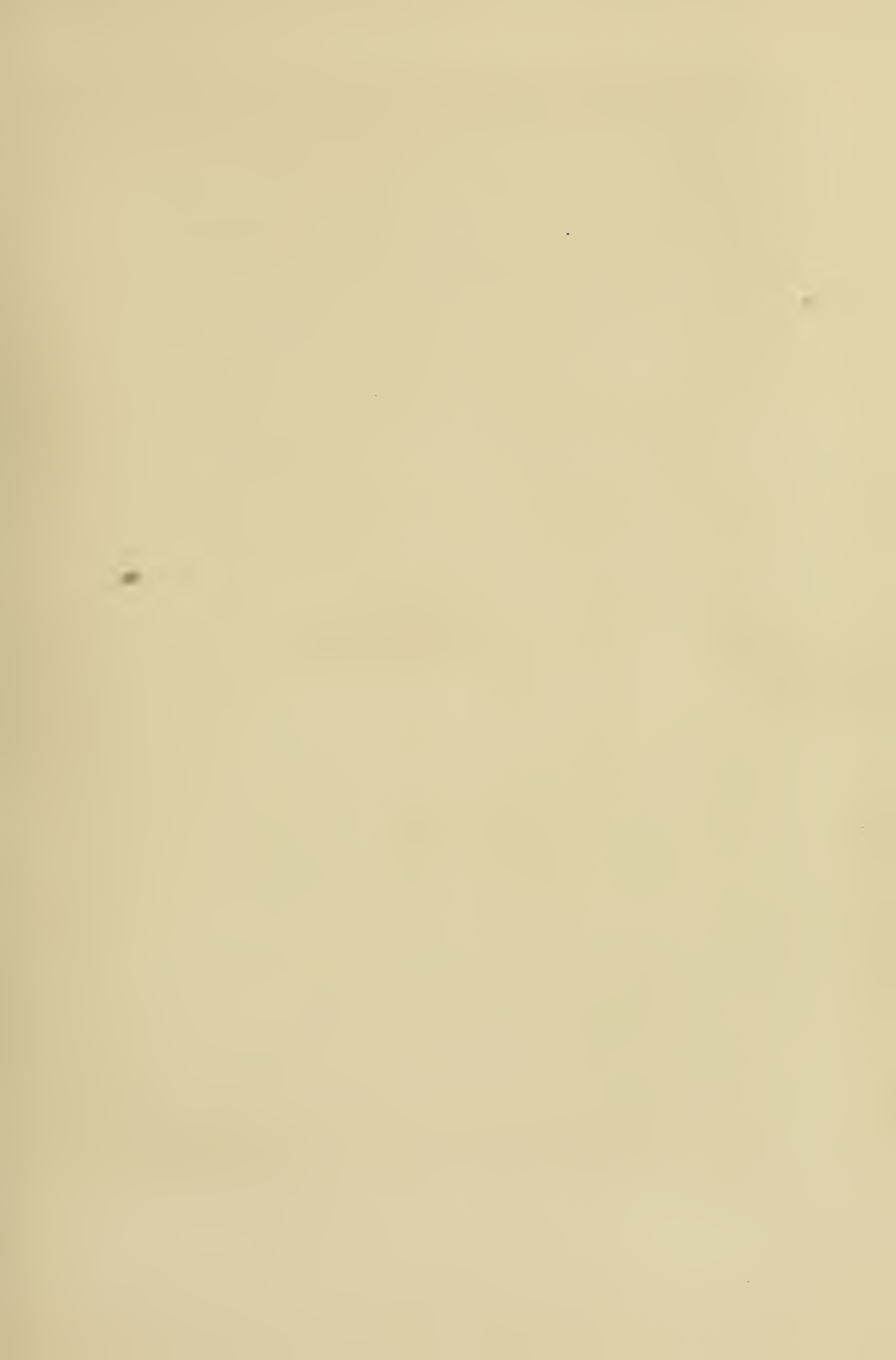
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WALTER SHIRLEY.

FRED. JOHNSON & CO.

THE HERMIT

A BALLAD.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.



PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

1886.

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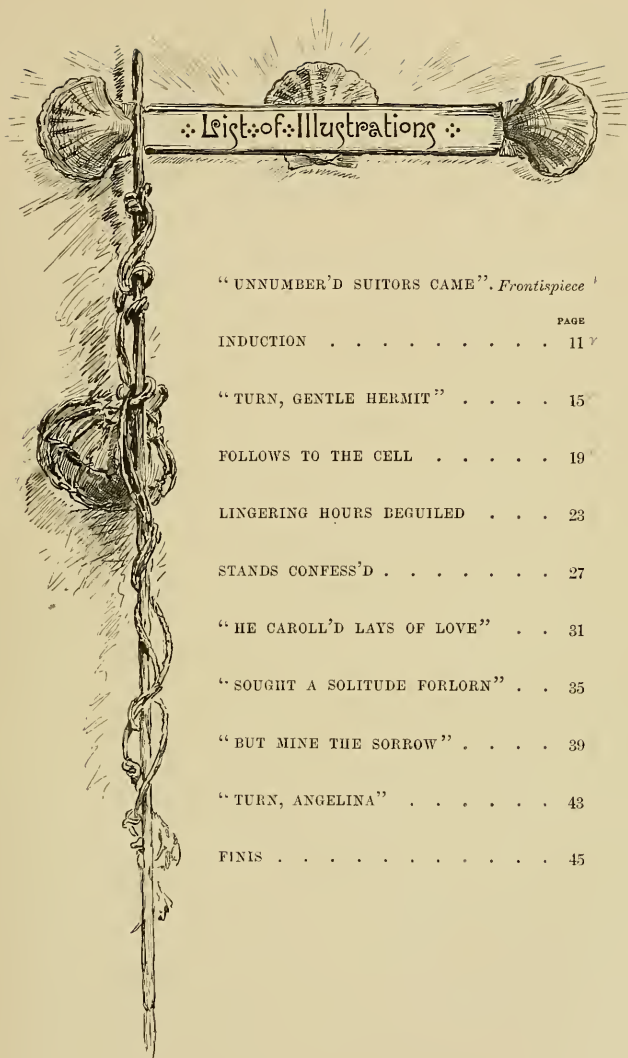
BY

Walter S. Parnell



ENGRAVED BY

Frederick H. C. C. C.



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URN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

“For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow,
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go.”

“Forbear, my son,” the Hermit cries,
“To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.



TURN, GENTLE HERMIT

“Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still;
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

“Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate’er my cell bestows;
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

“No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn:
Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them:

“But from the mountain’s grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring,—
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

“Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
All earth-born cares are wrong:
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.”

Soft as the dew from heaven descends
His gentle accents fell:
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.





FOLLOWS TO THE CELL

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay,
A refuge to the neighboring poor,
And strangers led astray.

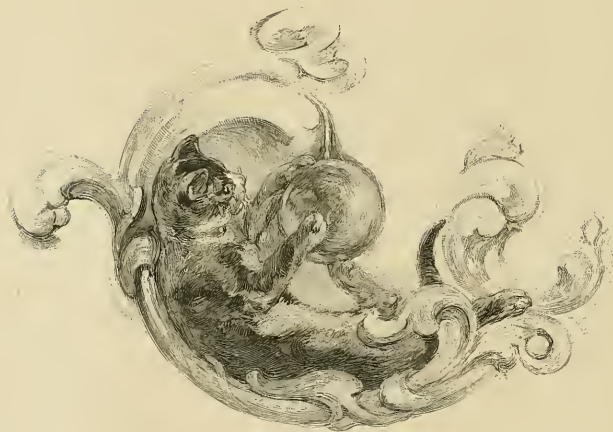
No stores beneath its humble thatch
Required a master's care :
The wicket, opening with a latch,
Received the harmless pair.

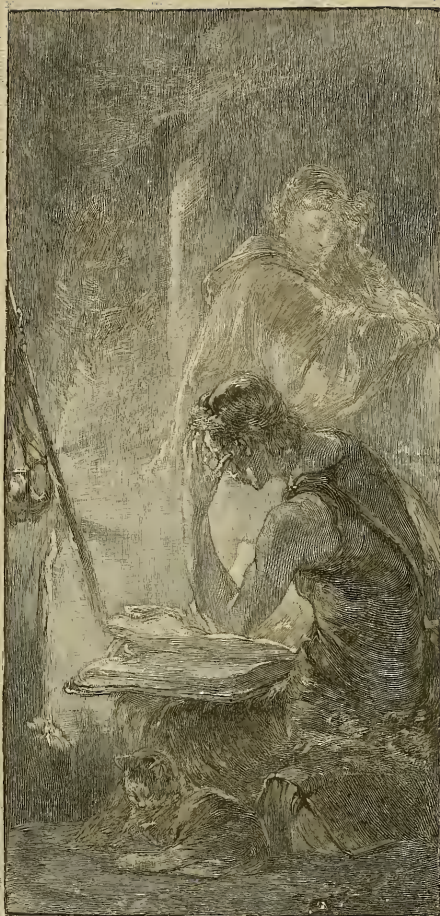
And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest,

And spread his vegetable store,
And gayly press'd, and smiled,
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguiled.

Around, in sympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries,
The cricket chirrups on the hearth,
The crackling fagot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe ;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.





LINGERING HOURS BEGUILED

His rising cares the Hermit spied,
With answering care oppress'd:
And, "Whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
"The sorrows of thy breast?"

"From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove?
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love?"

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay;
And those who prize the paltry things,
More trifling still than they.

"And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep?"

And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair one's jest;
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

“For shame, fond youth! thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex,” he said;
But, while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surprised, he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view;
Like colors o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms:
The lovely stranger stands confess'd,
A maid in all her charms.



STAND CONFESSED.

And, "Ah! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn," she cried,
"Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where Heaven and you reside.

"But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

"My father lived beside the Tyne;
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms
Unnumber'd suitors came,
Who praised me for imputed charms,
And felt, or feign'd, a flame.

“ Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove :
Amongst the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

“ In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he ;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

“ And when, beside me in the dale,
He caroll'd lays of love,
His breath lent fragrance to the gale,
And music to the grove.





HE CAROLLED LYRS OF LOVE.

“The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refined,
Could nought of purity display
To emulate his mind.



“The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine :
Their charms were his, but, woe to me,
Their constancy was mine.

“For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain ;
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain ;

“Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride,
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died.





“But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay :
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.



“And there, forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die :
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I.”

“Forbid it, Heaven!” the Hermit cried,
And clasp'd her to his breast :
The wondering fair one turn'd to chide—
'Twas Edwin's self that press'd!





But mine the sorrow.

“Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see

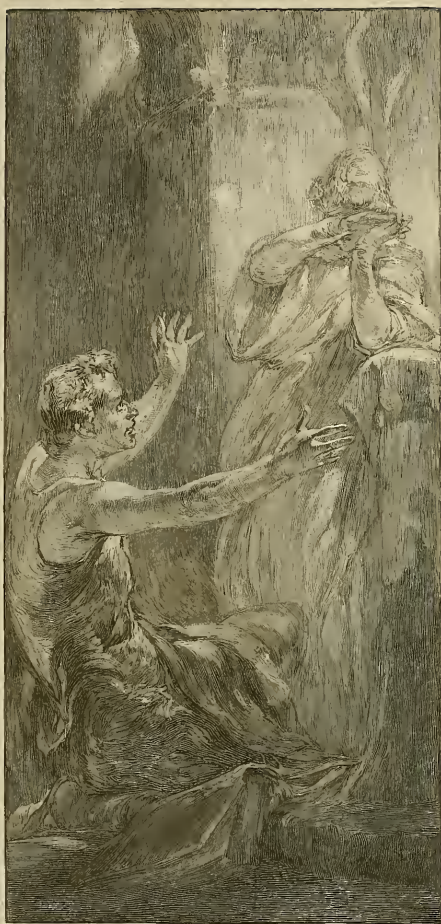


Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restored to love and thee.

“Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign:
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that’s mine?

“No, never from this hour to part,
We’ll live and love so true,
The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin’s too.”





TURN. ARGENTINA



WALTER SHIRLEY.

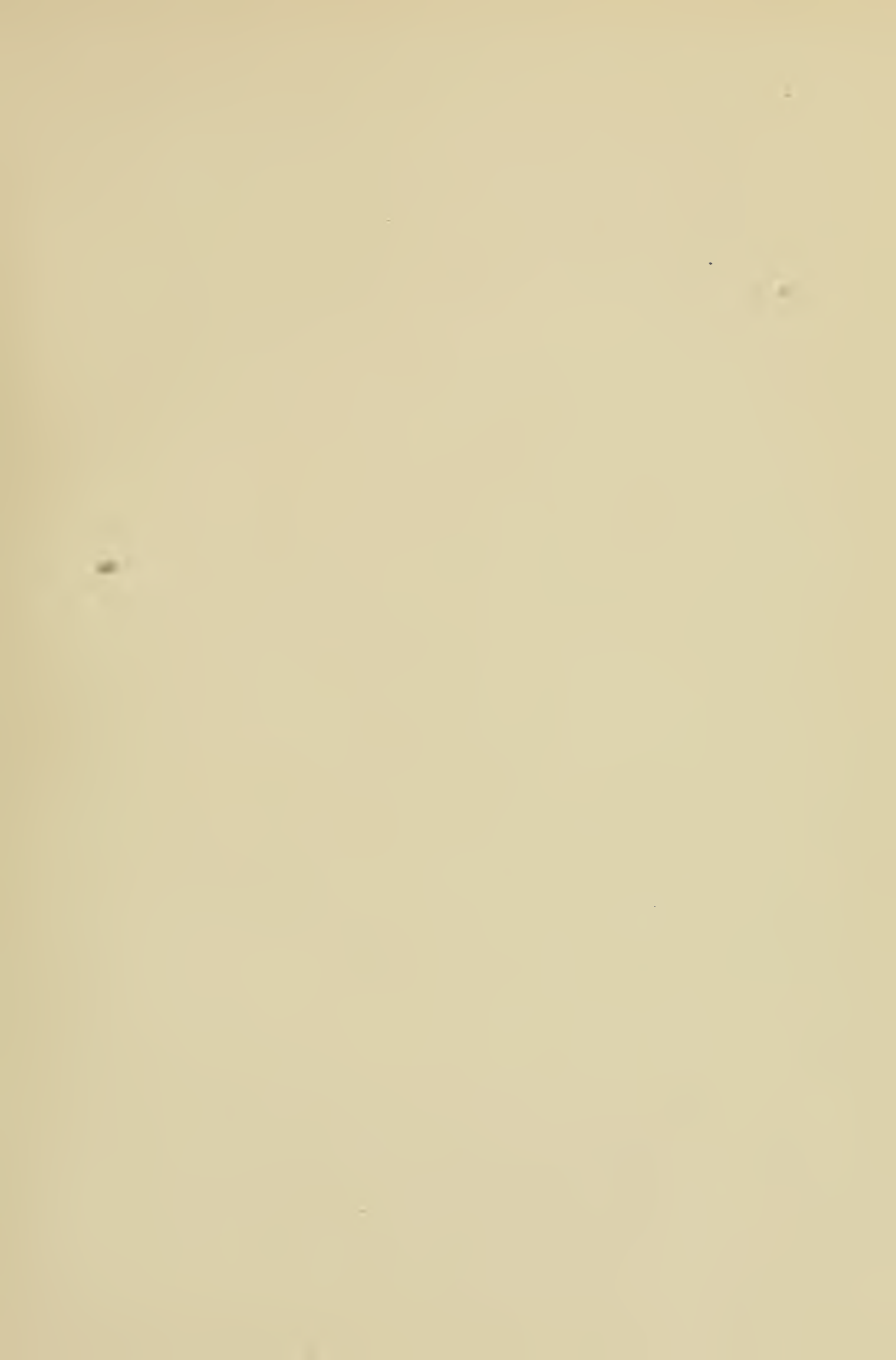
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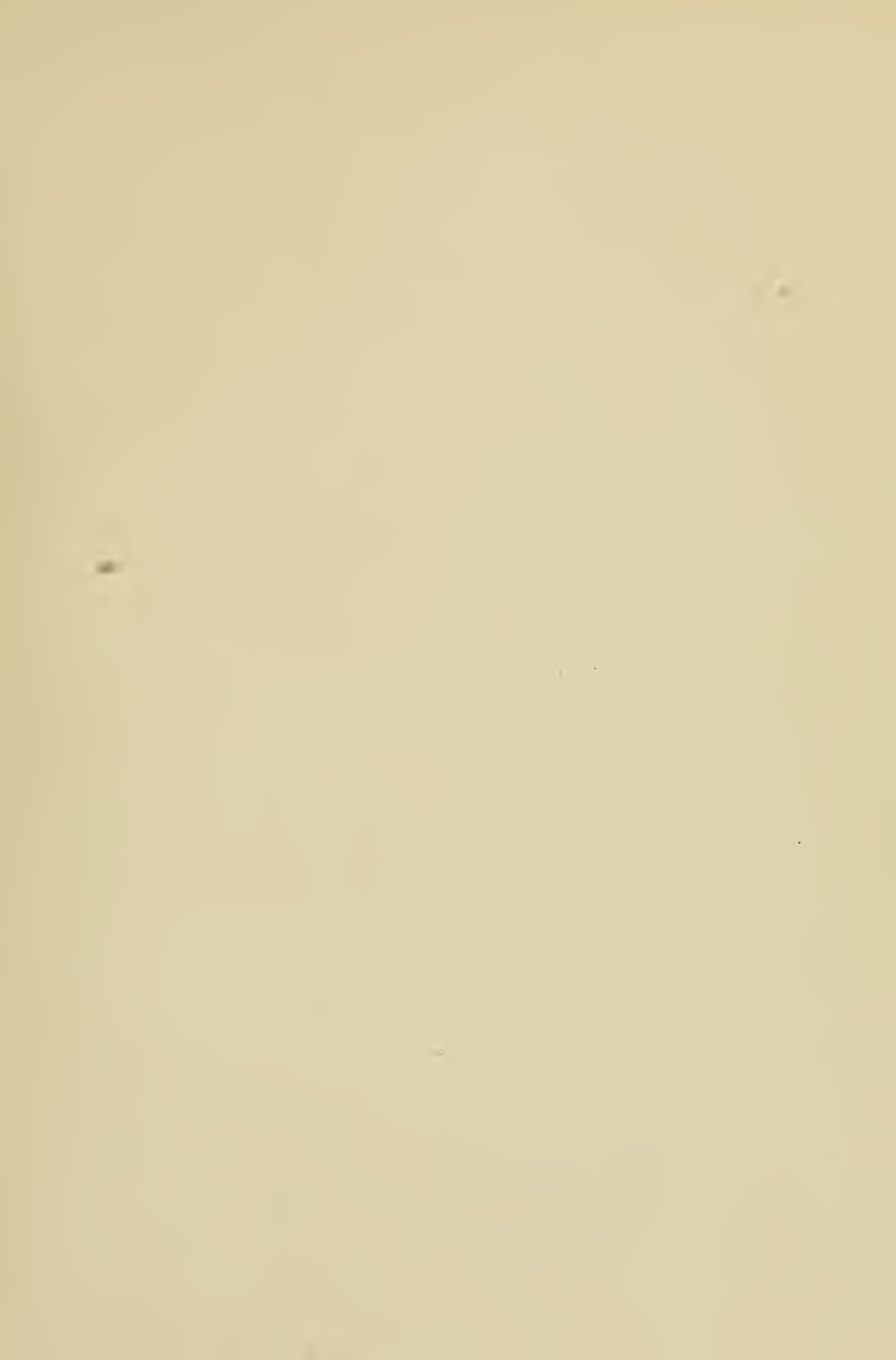


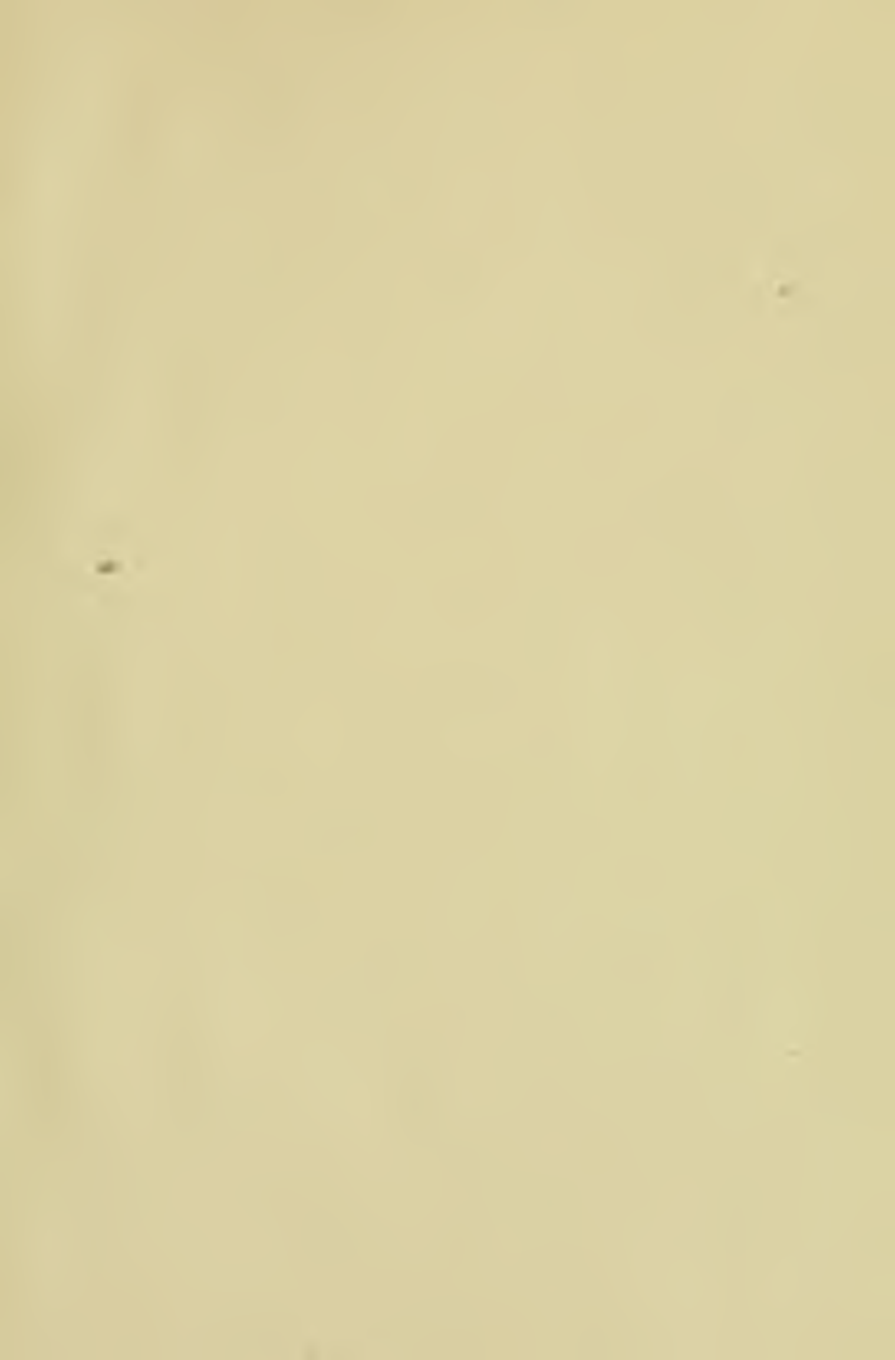
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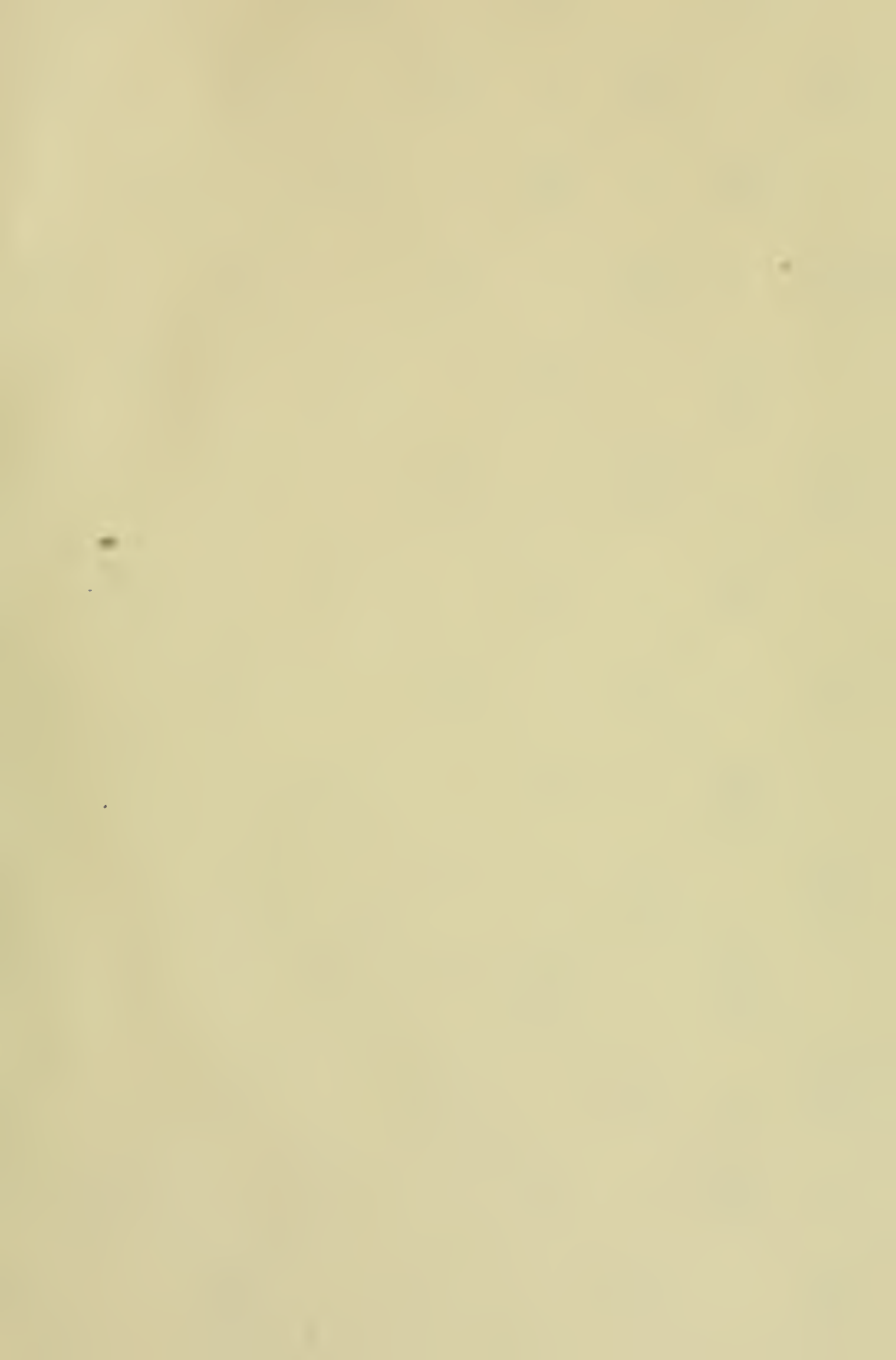
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